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OR

Christian Meditations and Disquisitions upon the Life and Death OF Our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

By G. LAUDER.

Anno M. DC. LXI.

To the Right Honourable my very loving Brother RICHARD LAUDER, Baron of Haltown.

SIR, what my humble thoughts and ſolitude,
Have at ſpare hours produc'd by meditation
On the great Myſtery of Man's Salvation;
Though poorly traced with a Pencil rude,
I fear not to your favour to preſent,
Whoſe judgement can diſcern of things well meant:
Howbeit the ſtile ſute not the ſubjects worth,
He for whoſe Glory this I undertook,
On good intentions with kind eys doth look,
And you'l I hope protect my Muſes birth.

Your moſt affectionate brother and humble ſervant,

G. LAUDER.

1

I Sing the ſufferings of the Son of God,
The Savior of the world, who heaven did leave
To conquer hell, and for our freedom gave
Himſelf a Priſ'ner, bought us with his blood.
Who o'r death triumph'd riſing from the dead,
Kill'd ſin, and captive chain'd captivity led;
Who choſe the Croſs his Combats field to be,
That Sun inviſible to Earth was ſhown,
And that He with his rays our heads might crown
God became Man, that Man with God might be.

2

Hence fabulous Deities whoſe falſe fard and ſmile
Have ſo bewitch'd weak worldlings bleared eys,
Muſes, whom *Greece* ador'd, rais'd to the skies,
And on *Parnaſſus* worſhipped ere while;
Away you feigned fantaſies and dreams,
I waſh my Lute in *Iordan's* purer ſtreams;
And will from Heaven my holy raptures borrow:
Angels, whom His great Spirit doth inſpire
To ſing his praiſe in that Celeſtial quire,
You I invoke to ſing my joy and ſorrow.

3

When God, who by his word, in wonders known,
Of nothing, in ſix daies had all things made;
And now to give the World a Lord and head,
On *Adam* pour'd his grace to rule alone:
That Angel Divel, whom pride precipitate,
Seeing Man's happineſs in jealous hate,
Seduc'd the Woman with the fruit forbidden;
And in her credulous breaſt his charms infus'd,
She liſt'ning, ſinned firſt, then man abus'd,
And both ſuck'd in their ſouls a poiſon hidden.

4

In Innocence's firſt and happy ſtate,
Had but the ruddy morning ſhed her tears;
An everlaſting Spring, inſtead of years,
Had far ſurpaſs'd all harv'ſt in plenty great;
Reaſon had o'r our ſenſes bore the ſway,
As doth the Sun o'r ſhadows in full day,
And led our ſouls outright to endleſs bliſs;
Now hoodwink'd Errour all our actions leads,
And all thoſe diſmal ſad diſaſters breeds,
When Paſſion's fury carries us amiſs.

5

'T was here that He who Man and Angels made,
To raiſe again frail mankind's ruin'd race,
Did of his boundleſs bounty and free grace
Theſe wonders work, which made the world afraid;
Divels in your Dungeons quake and faint to ſee,
Thoſe whom your craft had ſlav'd to Tyranny,
Now ſhaking off your bonds, your Idols bruiſe:
A Child ſhall ſnatch the Scepter from your hands;
Earth liſten, while Heavens Fabrick ſilent ſtands,
To hear of Man's Redemption, the glad news.

6

When our firſt Parents pride and inſolence,
Had rais'd their makers fury to a flame,
And that our jealous God in Juſtice came,
Denouncing vengeance on his high offence,
The light of Grace Original was quench'd;
And ſin in death both ſoul and body drench'd,
The body ſunk to Earth, the Soul to Hell:
The father's fall pull'd all the children down,
Th' inheritance of ſin was all their own;
The Divels rejoiced that, as they, Man fell.

7

But to redeem the World from horrours night,
Good God thy juſtice to thy love gave place,
Nor would divert the favours of thy grace,
Which from that darkneſs rais'd a glorious light:
For in thy boſom from Eternity,
That Sun did ſhine in perfect unity,
Whoſe heat with thine is one, and even the ſame,
He reigns with Thee above the ſtarry sky,
Thy Son, thy Word, thy Subſtance, Deity,
Th' adored Lord whom we *Meſſias* name.

8

As in dark ſtorms when winds and waves do toſs,
A weather-beaten Bark no courſe can bear,
While death and danger every where appear,
If but the Stars once ſhew, they fear no loſs;
Such was the unexpected welcom light,
To Ship-wrack'd mankind in Death's horrid night,
When from a Virgins womb the Sun did riſe:
Wonder of wonders! God frail fleſh put on,
A Maid was made the Mother of a Son,
Yet knew no man, O marvellous Myſteries!

9

From Heavens moſt glorious high Star-ſeeded Round,
An Angel bright, whoſe beauty brav'd the day,
More ſwift than thought his Maker to obey,
On golden wings, came gently ſliding down;
That modeſt Beauty, in whoſe bluſhes ſhin'd
Fair Vertues face, the model of her mind,
At firſt amaz'd the Meſſenger, to ſee
So ſweet a viſage in the world below,
Where grace and beauty did combined ſhow,
At laſt he ſpoke with ſmiling Majeſty.

Heavens darling, holy Maid, ſweet Saint, ſaid He,
Bleſs'd amongſt women (*Mary*) full of grace,
I come to tell Thee, in this homely place,
The Holy Ghoſt ſhall overſhadow Thee;
Thou ſhalt conceive th' eternal Son of God,
Who Hell, Death, Sin, ſhall trample down and trod;
Him, whoſe dread voice doth ſhake the world in thun-
The Lord of Hoſts, and mighty Prince of peace, (ders:
Who makes the Seas to ſwell, and ſtorms to ceaſe;
The King of Kings, whoſe meaneſt works are wonders.

11

A holy fear did ſeiz her wondring ſenſe,
That ſtrange diſcourſe ſurpriz'd her zeal and faith,
That ſhe ſhould bear the King, whom ſin and death
Muſt both obey, from that bleſs'd Influence,
The living Mirrour of the King of Glory,
Whoſe power no pen, whoſe ſtrength admits no ſtory;
O wondrous ſecret of High Providence!
Thy ſervant heard, beleev'd, hop'd and obey'd,
Thy word, will, promiſe, and no whit afraid,
Well knew thy love theſe bleſſings could diſpenſe.

12

Thrice bleſſed Virgin, did my homely verſe,
In ſwelling meaſures ſuit my ſoul's deſire,
In lofty ſtrains, fit for a Heavenly quire,
I ſhould proclaim thy praiſe to th' Univerſe,
And ſing how thy bleſs'd womb did him conceive,
Whom heavens could not contain, when Man to ſave;
The word was made our fleſh, God was made Man;
But ſince, my numbers cannot reach that height,
My humble wiſh ſhall happier wits invite,
And ſince not as I would, ſing as I can.
The Divels rejoiced that, as they, Man fell,

But how! me-think mine ears and eys are charm'd,
With the ſweet objects of that happy night,
Which all our wiſhes feaſted with delight;
In that bleſs'd birth Heaven ſounded, Hell alarm'd,
Approach all people from Earth's furtheſt climes,
To ſee the Shepheards 'mongſt the Cherubims,
Adore the new born Babe that made his Mother;
O night! thy ſhadows have brought forth the Sun!
From thee day dawn'd that never was begun,
Thy darkneſs could that light no longer ſmother.

14

Dumb ſilence now hath huſh'd the Oracles,
Whom late we look'd for, now we do injoy;
Heaven now hath wedded Earth, Hell to deſtroy,
And now we ſee the ſource of Miracles;
We have our wiſhes in our *Ieſus* given,
Our great Redeemer is come down from Heaven;
And in our hearts Grace hath his Empire ta'n;
The power of Death is vanquiſh'd, and the ſting
Of Sin pluck'd out, by Him who life doth bring,
And ſhall lead Grace to Glory there to Reign.

15

Earth now thy wiſe Ambaſſadours prepare,
And from the Eaſt bring forth thy richeſt treaſure;
The ſweetly ſmiling Babe, ſeems to take pleaſure
Of thy due homage drawn by love and fear:
And you O Heavens! in whoſe fair azure sky,
So many Lamps do light that Canopy.
To lead their ſteps to *Ieſus*; light one more,
The world that lay in wickedneſs till now,
No longer muſt in Idol-worſhip bow,
But him alone with humbled thoughts adore.

But what a ſtorm, O Lord! doth Hell forth ſpew?
A jealous Tyrant whom thy glory galls,
In furious vengeance on weak ſucklings falls,
And in their blood their cradles doth imbrue;
The ſmoking ſteel doth bluſh for ſhame, to be
The Butcher of ſuch barbarous cruelty;
The Sun did hide his head from ſuch a ſight;
The Air in clouds did weep to hear their cries,
Even th' Executioners did ſhut their eys
From ſeeing mothers hearts torn in ſuch plight.

17

Poor Lambs your ſacrifice did ſweetly ſmell,
In your Redeemers noſe, and though you di'd,
The ſweet perfume of your blood ſhall abide
Freſh, to all time, in ſpight of Rome and Hell.
Heavens King adopted you his children dear,
Nor need you either ſin or death to fear;
You to our Martyrs op'ned firſt the way,
Your happineſs roſe from your early fall,
Your race was ſhort, but your reward not ſmall,
Your ruddy morning did compleat your day.

18

Scarce had the Sun, whoſe conſtant courſe ſurveys
This lower world through both the Hemiſpheres,
Of Months and Seaſons told twelve perfect years,
From the world's Saviour s birth, to count his daies,
When lo, the Sun of Righteouſneſs begins
To clear the Clouds of Errour, Vice and Sins,
A Child, O wonder! doth the Doctours teach,
Confutes their learning, wiſdom doth confound;
And that great skill for which they were renown'd,
Stands liſt'ning while that Heavenly Babe doth preach.

The Divels rejoiced that, as they, man fell.

As when a mighty River from ſmall ſource
Firſt roles his ſilver ſtreams in narrow bounds,
Then finding ſome hid paſſage under ground,
Seems loſt unto our ſight amid the courſe;
Till like a raging torrent riſing new,
In murmures hoarſe with ſpeed it doth purſue
O'r open fields an uncontroled way,
And taking many ſmaller brooks along
In foamy billows, and a pompous throng,
Doth to the Ocean his due homage pay.

20

So of our Saviour the far ſounding fame,
Which his deſcent from Heaven to Earth had told,
In dark oblivion ſeem'd to be inrol'd;
And for a time eclips'd his deeds and name;
But when long toſs'd in wandring he had been,
And now ſix luſtres full on Earth had ſeen,
His love and light broke out again in wonders,
His word, his touch, his garment, yea his ſight
VVrought miracles that did the world affright,
And made the Divels quake in their Dungeons under.

21

But who for favour can with Thee compare,
His great forerunner, holy from the womb,
Thy Saviour doth to thee for Baptiſm come;
Thou preach'dſt repentance, didſt his paths prepare.
Yet hold thy peace, and hearken to that voice
VVhich makes hell tremble, while it tells heavens choice;
That calls him Son and beſt beloved to;
And thou fair flood ſtay thy ſmooth ſliding ſtream,
The Ocean in thy glories height ſupream,
[illegible] muſt do homage now.

22

And now Redeemer from the River riſe,
The Holy Ghoſt doth call thee forth to fight
The greateſt Combat, e'r the Sun did light,
'Gainſt one who'l have no peace, whoſe rage ne'r dies;
Thy low condition cloathed in our fleſh,
His hopes doth flatter, that he can ſuppreſs
Thy power, and puffs him up with pride ſo high,
That till thy God-head ſhew the great effects,
His judgment ſtaggers, and his ſpirit perplext,
Dare, by temptation, ſeek the truth to try.

23

Amongſt a thouſand rugged crags and rocks,
A fearfull deſart from the world retir'd,
In ſilent horrours lies, where ne'r was heard
Birds warbling voice, nor ever graſed flocks;
The barren ſand doth gape for thirſt in vain,
No water there is ſeen, nor doth it rain;
Yet there full forty daies our Saviour ſtai'd,
VVhere nothing but wild beaſts do houl and rore,
Their rage and hunger did his power adore,
VVhile the proud Tempter durſt his Lord invade.

24

The Fiend whoſe fear and pride ſtill go together,
With feigned boldneſs, trembling while he ſpoke,
Thus did the Lord of Heaven and Earth provoke;
Hard famine now thy fainting cheeks doth wither,
Here is no help, no hope to be releev'd,
Nor art thou in thy words to be beleev'd,
VVho ſai'ſt the King of Heaven is thy Sire,
Unleſs thou now command theſe ſtones be bread,
And in that metamorphoſe be obey'd,
That ſimple proof Lof thy [illegible]
The Divels reſolved that, as they man fell,

ut *Ieſus* with mild Majeſty repli'd,
Vhen famine doth weak man of food deprive,
is not bread alone keeps him alive,
ut the Æternal word that doth abide,
hat word that made the Heaven, the Sea and Land,
Vhich makes the Divels below in aw to ſtand;
hat word that governs all that e'r was made;
hat word which makes the flaſhing thunders fall,
Vhoſe dreadfull voice doth Infidels appale;
hat word is unto Man the living bread.

26

eſe words in which the Heavens high wiſdom ſpoke
d ſo ſurprize the mortal enemy,
at as a Ship whom ſtars their light deny,
oſs'd, and like to ſhip-wrack at each ſhoke,
ſtartled he, but finding his miſtake,
new'd his charge, and did our Saviour take
rough airy waies, up to the Temples top;
d ſaid, fear not hence headlong down to fall,
y Father's Angels, ready at thy call,
ll come, and from all danger keep thee up.

27

w wicked Spirit (ſaid our Saviour) then,
t God doth threaten thoſe that tempt his Grace;
Mercy then to Juſtice giveth place,
jndgments overthrow the proudeſt men:
ſe words, ſo full of weight, amaz'd again
Divel, who all his force and fraud would ſtrain,
ſtill would of his pride ſome proof eſſay,
t for his laſt aſſault in ſpeedy flight,
o a Mountain of exceſſive height
rought him, where the world they might ſurvey.

Behold, ſaid he, theſe Countries rich and fair,
The beauty of the Earth, her wealth and power,
All theſe my might and Majeſty adore;
Her Kings and Princes all my Subjects are;
I am the world's God, Death's Soveraign King,
My Laws are deſtinies to every thing;
Admire my puiſſance, and in homage bow
To worſhip me thy Lord; I'l give thee free
Theſe Kingdoms all for ever thine to be,
If thou'lt but fall down to thy liege Lord now.

29

Hence, baſe Seducer, get thee gone to Hell,
Said *Ieſus* then, thy Kingdom is the night,
Where everlaſting fire affords no light;
Where damned Ghoſts, with thee, in darkneſs dwell;
Know that 'tis written to remain a Law,
Thou ſhalt adore the Lord, and ſtand in aw
Of him alone, ſerve him with love and fear;
The voice of thunder doth not ſo affright
Poor way-loſt Pilgrims, in the dead of night,
As did theſe words the Divel, who vaniſh'd there.

30

Then *Ieſus* having triumph'd o'r Hell's King,
The Deſart left, and to the Cities went;
His love before him ſtill ſuch tokens ſent,
That of his power, report the news did bring;
When, as a Conquerour, he did ſubdue
All peoples hearts and eys, with wonders new;
But 't was not force that did them captives lead,
His favours made them follow on his train,
His miracles their hard beleef did gain;
And 't was their faith that them Diſciples made.

The Divels rejoiced that, as they [illegible]

The fertile furrows of a ſpacious Plain,
In ſwelling ſurges of a Sea of Corn,
See not ſo many Ears her Waves adorn,
When harveſt rich rewards the Plough-man's pain;
So many ſtars ſeed not the azure sky;
So many flowers ſmile not the fields to die,
When Spring in her freſh dreſſing ſhews moſt fine;
As our moſt liberal and loving Lord,
Doth mercies, bleſſings, favours, ſtill afford,
To thoſe whoſe hearts to keep his Laws incline.

32

The miracles he works are great and ſtrange,
The Sea ſupports his ſteps, as well as Land,
The winds are ſtilled ſtrait at his command;
The Dumb, in praiſes, do their ſilence change;
He learns the Deaf of ſounds the difference;
Where Divels had ta'n poſſeſſion drives them thence;
He makes the Blind to ſee the Sun and Day;
When Ujures want, even in the Wilderneſs,
Five loaves and two ſmall fiſhes, if he bleſs,
Can feed whole thouſands to go full away.

33

Yet wilt thou not hard *Iſrael* beleeve
That this is thy *Meſſias*, till thou ſee
Some clearer proof of his Divinity,
And that his human ſhape a while he leave.
Behold him, when the Sun his face doth hide
On *Tabor*, with bright Majeſty araid;
And then confeſs thy fault, thy faith advance,
Rouſe up thy ſleeping ſoul in fervent prayer,
And beg that he a Temple there prepare,
As would th'Apoſtle in his holy trance.

What? to convince thy misbeleef yet more
Stiff-necked people, muſt he raiſe again
The dead that in the Grave aſleep have lain,
And them to life and health again reſtore;
Reflect thine eys with wonder and with fear
On *Lazarus*, there doth his power appear,
The Lord of life gave life to him a new;
If tongues of living creatures cannot ſhake
Thine infidelity, when dead men ſpeak
That language ought thy reaſon to ſubdue.

35

What ſudden change, fair Penitent, doth move
Thoſe ointments ſweet, in holy zeal to pour
Upon our Saviour's head? who counteth more
That faith which makes thee forward and thy love;
He did not ſlight thy ſervice, nor thy zeal
When thy curl'd locks Repentance did unvail,
To dry his feet, waſh'd with thy ſorrows tears;
Thy ſighs his pity move, for pardon plead,
And of a Sinner thou a Saint are made;
His love thy ſins forgets, ſecures thy fears.

36

Take here example *Sion* and repent,
Provide for thy great Saviour triumphs now,
Let him on lillies tread and not on boughs,
A Chariot, not an Aſſes colt be ſent,
Let his immortal honour now appear,
And ſing *Hoſanna's* to his name each where;
In him put all thy confidence and hope:
Behold with what great pomp and Majeſty
The King of Peace comes to deliver thee,
To him thy heart and haughty gates ſet ope.

37

As when the ſable Curtains of the night,
Do overſpread the darkned Hemiſphere,
The leſſer lights of Heaven begin t'appear,
And the fair Sun denies the world his light;
Our Saviour's great humility even ſo,
For all theſe honours duly done, would go
And waſh his poor Diſciples weary feet;
O ſtrange abaſement, love beyond compare!
Lord, rather ſuffer us, who ſinners are,
To waſh thine, with our tears, a task more meet.

38

But now thy Supper doth our wonder call,
Where thy Magnificence and Mercy ſhine,
That ſtrait (*Communion*) that doth us combine
With thee, renew'd in love, in life, in all,
Thy words and bleſſing made the bread our pledge;
The wine thy promiſe alſo did ingage,
That ſo thy body ſhould up offered be
For our Redemption; Lord grant us the grace
With faith to lay faſt hold, and to imbrace
Thy faithfull promiſe in the things we ſee.

39

But whither now, Lord, will thy Paſſion lead?
The Garden hath no fruit but ſour for thee,
Thy ſoul, there heavy to the death ſhall be,
And there thy body in a ſweat ſhall bleed;
Thy ſorrows ſad in painfull pangs ſhall pray,
The bitter cup from thee may paſs away;
Yet muſt thy Patience Suffering be content,
The Earth that with thy precious blood ſhall bluſh,
For man's offence, whoſe guilt [illegible]

40

Here then thou com'ſt clad with the clouds of
Unhappy Apoſtate, and Traitor baſe,
The Prince of darkneſs prompts thy ſpeedy pace,
With flattring kiſs to ſell the Lord of light;
Can any but with horrour ſpeak thy name,
That of all Monſters art the fear and ſhame;
What crime can ever be thy Parallel?
O Heaven! to puniſh ſuch diſloyalty,
Grant that himſelf may his own hang-man be,
Ravens eat his fleſh, his ſoul may burn in Hell.

41

Yet whil'ſt with trembling lips I curſe the Traitor,
His coward band doth bear my Lord away,
O generous Seraphims! where do you ſtay?
Muſt Slaves, thus captive, lead the King of Nature?
Where are your Legions heavenly Armies now?
Why do you not in thunders overthrow
Thoſe ſacrilegious theeves that bind his hands?
But 't was his will, you muſt beholders be,
He will be bound to buy our liberty,
And he will ſuffer death who life commands.

42

Apoſtles, you that in ſad ſtorms muſt ſteer,
The Churches bruiſed bark in Tempeſts toſt,
Where's now that courage which you late did boaſt,
Are all your ſwords ſheath'd up in ſhaking fear?
And thou ſtout *Peter*, how ſhould'ſt thou indure
Death for his ſake, when thy life to ſecure
Thou thrice deni'dſt him, and thy ſelf forſwear?
O faithleſs friendſhip! wandring conſtancy,
The Dive's reſolve in frail mankind look for thee,

43

t O ſweet wonder, natures watch, the Cock
hen his redoubled crow ſalutes the day,
th rouſe thy love that late a dying lay,
d true Repentance thy hearts hardneſs broke:
en fear not *Peter*, for thy Saviour's look,
kind compaſſion pity on thee took,
d ſent thee forth to weep thy foul offence;
y ſorrows tears ſhall waſh thy ſin away;
y life and doctrine yet ſhall lead the way
thouſands that lie drown'd in ignorance.

44

bitious pride that ſeek'ſt to Reign alone
th Soveraign power, O how canſt thou bewitch
n mortal minds? when to be great or rich
thee, the innocent is overthrown?
te! to pleaſe the people, thou wilt give
s to death, and let a Murtherer live,
ough thine own conſcience do thy judgment blame;
s thou that to the Jews do'ſt give him over,
d think'ſt thy wounded honour to recover,
waſhing of thy hands, and ſave thy fame.

45

now juſt fury doth my breaſt inflame,
ſee a Tyrant ſmile to ſee him bleed,
hen ſcourging torment was a triumph made,
he in ſilence ſuffered like a Lamb;
w dare you, moſt inhuman Tygers, tear
at ſacred fleſh the Heavens do hold ſo dear?
d make his ſmart the object of your wrath?
ld Savages, vile Monſters, Natures ſcorn,
hen your foul fleſh and ſouls in Hell are torn,
n you ſhall know whom now you put to death.

All Royal Purple to that Robe give place,
Which thoſe baſe miſcreants on thy ſhoulders lay;
And even that Reed doth o'r all Scepters ſway,
Which inſolence doth give thee in diſgrace;
That pricking thorn which binds thy Royal brows,
Outſhines the Sun, and all the gold he ſhows,
And is to thee a far more glorious Crown,
Then all thoſe ſparkling Diamonds that ſhine;
The pricks more precious are, then Pearls more fine,
And thy great Kingdom never ſhall go down.

47

Thy love, O Lord, and our great ſins do haſt
Thy ſteps to meet thy Croſs, and crown thy race,
Fair *Sion's* daughters need not cry alaſs!
To ſhew the ſorrows that their tears expreſs'd;
Even hearts of ſtone would melt to ſee thee ſweat,
When blood did trace thy paths into that heat,
Which led thee to the Altar, there to offer,
For our miſdeeds, thy life a ſacrifice;
But to augment the value of our price,
Thou yet would'ſt bear thy croſs thereon to ſuffer.

48

Mountains that in the Clouds your heads do hide,
And ſee the ſtorms hatch'd in the Air below,
You that diſdaining Earth ſtill upwards grow,
Here vail your bonnets, and your ſwelling pride;
Calvaria now the King of Hills is made,
His only name makes Hell it ſelf afraid,
And fills the World with ſad reſpect and fear:
Though not the place, the perſon's worth and name,
His ſufferings ſhall to after daies proclaim,
And make with joy Earth's deafeſt dwellers hear.

d now, O Lord, th' appointed time is come,
hich was from all eternity decreed,
at man who death deserv'd, by thine be freed;
hose Cross, must cross our sins unmeasured sum,
n you mine eys not drown'd in tears; behold
ose cruel torments never to be told,
hich for our forfeits *Iesus* did indure?
which our sufferings but dark shadows are;
n'st thou my soul, or after ages far,
eeve these wonders which are truths most sure?

50

that with golden waves the furrows fills,
'th golden fruit doth bend the Forrests boughs,
ho cloaths the feathered Fowl with sundry hews,
ho stores the Heaven with stars, swells Earth in hills;
ow is strip'd, and naked shew'd in scorn,
hose whose shame shall never be outworn,
ose cruelty all creatures doth surmount;
your despight is vain, he cannot be
'd of that mild and modest Majesty,
ich covers him from all your foul affront.

51

oss! on whose extended arms our Hope,
rs'd contempt, betwixt two Traitors hings,
u art more glorious then the Thrones of Kings;
ee the souls of Soveraign powers must stoop,
u shalt be famous for that load thou bore,
still the Christian Standard shalt decore;
n for the faith with Infidels they fight,
triumph that our Saviour led on thee,
eath and Hell in glorious Victory,
s thee a Ladder now to Heavens fair light.

When God ſet ope the Flood-gates of the ſky,
And broke the brazen bars o'th' Firmament,
He arm'd with rage the liquid Element,
To war with nature that the world might die;
The Flood turn'd all things to a *Chaos* new,
The waves did o'r the higheſt Mountains flow;
The Sea had th'Air for ground, the Heaven for ſhore,
The Moon look'd pale for fear, and the fair Sun
Saw nothing but ſad ſhip-wrack up and down,
And the drown'd world the Ocean covered o'r.

53.

Now he ſets ope the fountains of his Grace,
A Flood of blood to waſh away our ſins,
Which in as many ſeveral currents runs,
As in his body Nature veins did place;
That ſacred blood alone could break our bands,
It pierceth Earth, and over Hell commands;
It calms the wrath of God in Heaven above,
The merit of his death our debt defrays;
And while he on the Croſs his Father prays,
He ſaves his people by his wondrous love.

54

It is thy blood, dear Saviour, that redeems,
And in a moment ſinners Saints doth make,
Of thy eternal Triumph to pertake,
Diſarming death that did ſo fearfull ſeem;
Man doth no ſooner know thy Majeſty,
But ſtreight drawn from the deep of miſery,
His ſoul is moulded new by ſaving Grace;
His hope on thy firm promiſe holds by Faith,
And dying to himſelf finds life in Death,
When holy zeal doth Heavenly vows imbrace.

The Divels rejoiced that, as they [illegible]

If of your tears the ſtream be not outrun;
If ſorrow hath not ſtopped up the ſource,
Weep on mine eys, ſighs keep your wonted courſe,
To ſee a Mothers anguiſh for her Son;
Ne'r living creature found ſuch pangs as ſhe,
No torment can with Hers compared be;
Ne'r Martyr in the flames indur'd the like;
Our Saviour in his fleſh found bitter pain,
She in her ſoul did fierce aſſaults ſuſtain,
Whil'ſt living, death her heart did thorough ſtrike.

56

The Mothers ſorrow, did to pity move
The Son's kind heart, and made his ſufferings more,
Her ſighs and tears his tender bowels tore,
Such was his great compaſſion, ſuch his love,
That from his fainting lips theſe words forth broke,
Woman behold thy Son, and thou *Iohn* look
Upon thy mother, happy *Iohn* to be
In thy great Maſter's favour honoured ſo,
As to ſucceed to him, and have Her go
Home to thy houſe, O loving Legacy!

57

Thou never canſt enough thy Saviour bleſs,
Belov'd Diſciple, for his favours great,
Nor we, for whom he di'd enough r peat
His Paſſions ſtory, and our ſins confeſs:
Lord let thy love ſo ſet our hearts on fire,
That we may loath the world, and nought deſire
But thee alone, our only help and hope;
From Natures wicked ways our feet refrain,
And in the paths of Grace our ſteps reſtrain,
Till thou to Glory do'ſt our ſouls adopt.

But ſee, night's ſable curtains ſpread at noon,
Day dies in darkneſs, Earth's with horrour clad,
And quakes for fear, rocks rend, graves ſend their dead,
To walk about the ſtreets in *Salem's* town:
The Temples vail, to Prieſts and peoples wonder,
Is from the top torn to the bottom under;
The world in mourning droops, death ſtands amaz'd
To ſee the Lord of life bow down his head,
And lay his body low among the dead,
Whoſe only word this *Alls* fair fabrick rais'd.

59

Away you ſacrilegious Parricides,
Our *Ieſus* feels your fury now no more,
Hell is your portion, where ſtrange torments ſtore
Heaven's juſtice for your Treaſon high provides:
And haſt my Saviour while the hour doth run,
To tel the world the glorious work is done
Of Man's Redemption, in thy ſacrifice,
Before thou recommend thy ſoul and ſpirit
Into thy Father's hands, with him t' inherit
Power, Majeſty and Might above the skies.

60

And now the Funeral of the King of Kings,
Invites the curious pomp expecting eys;
The Air is fill'd with wofull ſhouts and cries,
And Earth ſurcharg'd with griefto th' center clings;
The Sun, in clouds eclips'd, hath loſt his light,
Day hath reſign'd his Title to the night;
The walking bodies of the Saints departed
In heavy pace, a ſullen ſhew that made,
Do fright the living in that gloomy ſhade;
And even the ſtones were cleft, ſo Nature ſmarted.

Heavens holy quire of Angels lend your ears,
To the ſad accents of my ſouls complaint,
And ſigh with me, who the Lord's death lament,
To ſee his body laid upon a Bier;
His eys have loſt their glance and piercing ſight,
The Roſes of his cheeks, like Lillies white
Have chang'd their dye, and paleneſs paints his face;
That modeſt meekneſs of his lovely look,
Now like the lowly lilly of the brook,
Though it do languiſh, yet lends death a grace.

62

Though all the Treaſures that the world contains,
Or covetous Kings kept up in ages paſs'd,
One laviſh Prince ſhould give away amaſs'd,
The fooliſh name of Liberal to gain;
'T were but a mite to that which *Pilate* gave,
Our Saviour's body unto *Ioſeph's* grave:
O Roman! t[illegible] bleſs'd body ſhall revive,
Heaven [illegible] ll lay her Scepter down,
And ſoon re[illegible]n to take up her Crown,
Which He to all Beleevers faith ſhall give.

63

But *Nicodemus*, what ſtrange zeal mov'd thee
To rank thy Saviour amongſt mortal men?
Thoſe rich perfumes thy piety did ſpend,
Were they to keep him from corruption free?
Wer't thou afraid the worms ſhould him devour,
That fram'd the Earth, and ſet the Sea aſhore?
Th[illegible]pread o'r all Heavens azure canopy?
No, rather raiſe thy ſoul above thy ſenſe,
To worſhip his great Power and Providence,
And let thy faith for incenſe upward fly

If that first Garden which Heaven's Image was,
In pleasures for the senses did abound,
And where the fruit of life was to be found,
Though *Adam's* sin brought death on all his race;
What glory did that happy Garden grace?
In which our Saviour's sacred corps to place,
The new cut Rock a burial place did yeeld;
Old *Eden* with his dainties brought on death,
The other a safe harbour did bequeath,
And after ship-wrack turn'd our safeties field.

65

Now when the stone had shut him up from sight
Of weeping eys, that waited at the dore,
To Hell he div'd; but how? inquire no more
My soul, but wonder and adore his might.
If there to triumph after Victory,
Or, as he promised, Hell's plague to be;
Let his descent be still thy fast beleef;
But where Hell is, to search do not thou venture,
Without the convex, or within the center;
Make Heaven of all thy hopes and care the chief.

66

What others of the Fathers Pris'ners tell,
Who forge a Limbe to lodge them till that time;
Be 't their beleef, it shall be none of mine,
I never read of several rooms in Hell;
The Holy Ghost ne'r put that in the pen
Of Prophet nor Apostle; who shall then
Make such a tale an Article of Faith?
What he did there his glory to advance,
Shall be to me a holy ignorance,
[illegible] in his Death.

At ſight of Him that all the Divels did roar,
Who once were Angels into glory bright,
And now lie chain'd in everlaſting night,
We need not doubt it made their torment more;
For as his mercy doth remunerate
The good, his juſtice paies the reprobate,
And can proportion plagues to all offences;
So we may ſafely think their greateſt pain,
Was to ſee him whoſe power they did diſdain,
Come as a Judge who life and death diſpenſes.

68

Their pain no pity pleads, ſince their great pride,
Did thine high indignation on them bring;
Thy Juſtice and thy power, as Lord and King,
No Equal nor Superiour could abide;
They would be like to thee, thine angers frown,
To utter darkneſs caſt them head-long down,
A puniſhment did ſute their haughty aim;
So ſhall all thoſe who willfully refuſe
Thy grace, and ſcorn repentance ſin to chuſe,
Find in the flaming lake their lot with them.

69

But 'tis enough that Hell hath found thy power,
And in her torments ſung thy Triumphs loud,
Thy body, like the Sun, come from a cloud,
Thy ſoul returning muſt to life reſtore;
We oft have ſeen thee (living) raiſe the dead;
And of thy promiſe that a proof be made,
We long to ſee thy bodies Temple riſe,
Which ſin deſtroi'd; up heavenly *Phœnix* then,
Spring from thy ſelf, and grace the world again,
[illegible] beyond the skies

As when the Earth's thick body interpos'd,
Takes from the Moon her brothers ſmiling ſight,
That Planet is depriv'd her ſilver light,
And in a mask her beauty is inclos'd;
But ſhews again her ſplendour, when the ſhade
Is lightned new, that her eclipſe had made,
And ſhines as bright as e'r ſhe did before;
The ſilent night, with all her ſtarry train,
That late did mourn, then laugh for joy again,
Till they perceive the bluſhes of *Aurore*.

71

Even ſo, dear Saviour, when death's heavy ſtroke,
Thy ſoul did from thy body ſeparate,
And broke that concert in thy human ſtate,
The night of thy retreat moſt dark did look;
But when triumphing o'r Death, Hell, and all,
Thy Reſurrection did thy foes appale,
Thy glory then began to ſhine more clear,
Thy brows more ſplendant beauty did adorn;
And what thine enemies late cloath'd with ſcorn,
The Robe of Royal Majeſty doth wear.

72

But firſt an Earth-quake muſt the world foretell
Thy riſing, and an Angel role away
The weighty ſtone, that at the entrance lay
When thou returnedſt from the Grave and Hell;
That muſt be the fix'd Theater to ſhow
Thy power, and make the world thy God-head know,
Which Heaven and Earth do worſhip and obey;
And though the Souldiers guard, thy Grave ſurround,
Thy Majeſty and light ſhall them confound,
To faint and fall, or frighted run

Thoſe birds of night that brightneſs cannot bear,
But ſtraight an *Aigle* ſhall come flying there
To ſeek her Sun; the ſweet Repentant fair
Kind *Magdalen*, whoſe love no night doth fear,
She cannot ſleep, nor take her wonted reſt,
So long as Earth is of her joy poſſeſt;
She'l either find him out, or following die,
His love hath ſet her heart ſo high on fire,
She cannot live depriv'd of her deſire,
And 'tis her hope that haſts ſo ſpeedily.

74

'Tis not your charming words can her content,
Bright Angels, though you ſhew his empty grave,
Her holy zeal will more aſſurance have,
Where they have laid him whom ſhe doth lament:
Her ſoul tranſported with a heavenly love,
No happineſs can find, no joy can move,
Untill ſhe ſee the brightneſs of his face;
She knows you are the Day-ſtars that forego
Th' approaching light, and Sun's upriſing ſhow,
Yet ſtill ſhe ſeeks th'eternal Sun of Grace.

75

Thy love is ſtrong, O happy Penitent!
And can conſtrain th'affection of thy Lover;
To thee his firſt appearance to diſcover,
No other object can thy faith content;
Thou took'ſt him for the Gardner, he it is
Even whom thou look'ſt for, but thy ſenſe doth miſs,
Yet hear him ſpeak, and thou ſhalt ſtrait-way know
His voice, when naming thee, it is thy Lord;
When thy ſurpriſe no anſwer can afford,
But call Him Maſter in ſubmiſſion low.

Yet when thy longing and tranſcendant love,
Had had the happineſs thy Lord to ſee,
I do not wonder that thy haſt ſhould be
So great, th'Apoſtles laſie pace to move;
And yet 'twas ſtrange ſo ſoon to leave the ſight
Of him whoſe preſence was thy ſouls delight,
And run the tidings of that truth to tell;
Th'Apoſtles give no credit to thy news,
Even *Peter's* faith thy meſſage doth refuſe;
Hold *Magdalen*, they'l think thou tell'ſt a tale.

77

But come you two, whoſe hearts did burn, to hear
That ſweet diſcourſe he held upon the way,
And all the Scriptures hidden things diſplay,
You of this truth can faithfull witneſs bear;
Relate his kind approach, when in your ſorrow
His loving pity ſeem'd a ſhare to borrow,
Though yet you did not know that it was he,
Untill the bread that had more wonders wrought,
Bleſs'd by his thanks, there ſhew'd you what you ſought,
And then your eys were op'ned him to ſee.

78

But 'tis in vain to force a hard beleef,
And Truth's fair torch to them in vain doth burn,
Who ſtill will ſearch his Grave, and for him mourn,
That loſs, of all their gain, is now the cheef;
How now Apoſtles have you quite forgot
His miracles ſo ſoon, and do you put
No truſt even in his promiſe, nor his word?
Muſt he who now hath triumph'd over death,
Yet work a wonder on your little faith,
Before you will acknowledge him your Lord?

Behol

Behold he comes to check your faith and fear,
Nor can your bolted dores his entrance bar,
His ſight your wonder is, your work doth mar,
And now your ſpirits faint for joy well near:
Dare you then doubt that he your thoughts can read?
Whom now you ſee returned from the dead,
Your infidelity ſo to convince?
Then tremble with a juſt and holy terrour,
Yet do not fear, but glad to find your errour,
Adore his Mercy that doth peace pronounce.

80

His bleſſed breath upon them then he blows,
And ſweetly ſaies, Receive the Holy Ghoſt,
Whoſe ſins you pardon, their accounts are croſs'd,
Thoſe you retain no pardon e'r ſhall loſe;
Go, Preach my Goſpel to the Gentiles all,
And teach them my commands with cry and call,
Baptize in th' name of Father, Son and Spirit,
I ſhall be with you to the world's end,
Great wonders you ſhall work, your touch ſhall lend
Health, ſight and ſtrength, to thoſe ſhall heaven inherit.

81

So ſpoke our Saviour to that bleſſed band,
His words their ſouls inflam'd with ſacred fire;
When in a thought he ſtrait-way did retire,
And left them all amaz'd with joy to ſtand:
Bleſs'd men of God you then were more then men,
To ſee the Lord live in the fleſh again,
And come to bleſs th' aſſembly of his own;
His love to you was great that did you chuſe,
And then reſtor'd what you did fear to loſe;
Such favour for your faith to you was ſhown.

And

And thou whose absence at that happy time,
Durst doubt of what thy Brethren all did see,
I blush to hear thine incredulity,
Must thy misfortune yet augment thy crime?
The rest were all afraid at his approach,
And thou wilt not beleeve unless thou touch,
Wit' thy foul fingers, his most precious wound;
Yet shall thy unbeleef such tokens find,
Even from thy Lord, who will not leave thee blind,
That Sense thy Reason shall at last confound.

83

Thomas, see here thy Master and thy Lord,
Hell his victorious yoke hath undergone,
Death is his Slave, the grave is overthrown,
His flesh shall thee a feeling yet afford;
And do'st thou not beleeve for having seen?
Thrice happy they whose hap it hath not been
To see these things, yet shall have faith to found
Their hopes on Him; His Gospel now must be
The rule of faith to all posterity,
And you Apostles must go preach it round.

84

Now to your care he doth commit his flock,
The power he gives to you is even his own,
His Holy Spirit hath upon you blown,
Your faith shall found his Church as on a Rock;
So great authority can no man boast
As you, to whom Heavens keys his love doth trust;
You to the Penitents shall peace proclaim,
Denounce his judgments, make his vengeance fall
On those, who stop their ears at mercies call;
You shall be proud to suffer for His Name.

85

And now, O Lord, thy course on earth is run,
The Covenant is seal'd in thy dear blood,
Thou hast o'rcom all that thy will withstood,
The work is ended which thy love begun;
Yet that thy servants faith more firm might be,
Thou would'st ascend to Heaven while they might see,
And follow with their eys their hearts desires:
That glorious Triumph in thy last Retreat,
Did quite amaze their minds, and animate
Their ardent zeal, for thee to go through fires.

86

Apostles, you that for the faith must suffer,
And thou that in thy womb did'st him conceive,
That heavenly Pellican, his blood that gave
To feed his Children, and himself up offer,
In vain your eys to Heaven do follow Him,
A flashing cloud shall strait your staring dim;
And all the Cherubims with fiery wings,
Shall close him round with glorious Majesty,
In those vast bounds of bless'd Eternity,
Where Heaven's sweet Quire still *Halelujah* sings.

87

The Chariot of his Triumph is his Cross,
More rich red with his blood, than wrought with gold,
On which a train doth wait, whose faith laid hold
Upon the Promise e'r 't performed was;
These now with joy attend their Lord and King,
His Conquests great, and their Redemption sing,
With th'Angels in their song a part do bear;
Though Heavenly bless admit no holy day,
Yet without sinning we may safely say,

In that great pomp our Saviour did present,
His Person glorious to his Father great,
Whose Throne doth blaze with Majesty and State;
Such as no heart can think, no pen can paint,
Our sentence which was written in his look,
And our offences in his Justice Book:
Had there prepar'd his thunder, fire and sword,
All trembled at the terrour of his wrath,
And Man whose sin had doomed him to death,
Our mild Redeemer thus to life restor'd.

89

Father (said he) if thy just wrath did swear,
To wrack due vengeance on frail Man's offence,
For *Adam's* sin, ambitious insolence,
And his Posterity his plague must bear,
Appease thy fury, and thy Justice rage,
And look on Man who did become his pledge,
Behold those Wounds whose blood hath wash'd his stain,
Since God hath for his sins a sufferer been,
And for his pardon Death and Hell hath seen,
'Tis just he be restor'd to life again.

90

When our dear Saviour this few words had spoke,
Heaven did resound the accents of his voice,
And all the Saints and Angels did rejoice,
To hear the Father thus his wrath revoke:
Dear Son, thy blood mine anger doth allay,
And hath the sins of Mankind wash'd away;
Thy Sacrifice full satisfaction brings:
Thy sufferings have my rigour rais'd to peace,
And Justice now to Mercy must give place,
[illegible]

So did our Saviour's words the wrath appeaſe
Of his great Father, and our pardon plead,
So betwixt Heaven and Earth the peace was made,
And ſo from Hell he did our ſouls releaſe;
The eternal *Sion* ſhall receive us now,
Chriſt for his friends and ſervants doth us know,
His grace and favour now upon us ſmile;
Thoſe glorious thrones that ſhine with ſplendour bright,
Our reconciled ſouls do now invite,
Whence the revolted Angels fell e'r while.

92

But you are met again, in happy time,
Faithfull Apoſtles, when in tongues of fire,
The Holy Ghoſt deſcends, you to inſpire
With language for each Country, Land and Clime;
That Spirit which is all light, life and love,
Shall in your Sermons many Nations move,
T' imbrace the faith, and your weak labours bleſs,
You ſhall betwixt our *Ieſus* ſhew the ods
And Idols ſo, that men ſhall think you Gods,
When you his Paſſion preach, his truth profeſs,

93

Thoſe who by *Tyber's* banks their bravery ſhow,
And make the trembling world redoubt their arms;
Thoſe whom proud *Tyre* with wealth and purple charms;
Thoſe where *Nile*, *Ganges* and *Euphrates* flow;
Thoſe whom the rapid *Helleſpont* doth lave;
Thoſe who with Ships the Sea of *Pontus* brave;
The wild Arabians that do drink the rain,
[illegible]eople all with wonder hear you ſpeak
[illegible]roper language; but their judgment weak
s' tis new wine that worketh in your brain.

Your fervent zeal ſhall in the tortures blaze,
That Tyrants find for you in bloody rage,
Strange Nations you ſhall in the faith ingage,
And of falſe Gods the filthy Altars raze;
The dead ſhall at your call their graves forſake,
And of your Hang-men you ſhall Martyrs make,
When from your conſtancy their courage ſprings;
Nature for you ſhall change her courſe and laws,
And when your time from grace to glory draws,
On twelve bright thrones of gold you ſhall judge Kings.

95

Thrice happy Pilots of the Churches Bark,
Stand to your charge, and hand her glorious Helm,
Nor Hell, nor tempeſt ſhall her overwhelm,
The Load-ſtar ne'r ſhall leave you in the dark;
In vain proud Kings, (whom Subjects do adore
As Gods on Earth, when but weak men and poor)
Shall threaten her in fury to deſtroy;
In vain the Sea ſhall rage and ſwelling roar,
To make her ſhip-wrack on the rocks and ſhore,
Faint not, your faith ſhall reach the Haven of joy.

96

I ſee new Stars, and find a gentle gale,
With friendly breath and favourable aſpect,
Shall through great dangers ſafe your courſe direct,
O'r ſhelves and ſands to waft your ſtuffed ſail;
Grace hath for you the ſtormy winds ſhut up,
And brings a happy calm unto your Hope,
The light of Faith ſhall point you out a Bay,
Where after toſſing long in deep diſtreſs,
You may refreſh your ſtrength your Bark redreſs
Till Perſecution drive you thence away.

That Martial people whom time doth admire,
Those Kings of Nations, that proud Roman race,
That rul'd like Gods o'r other men a ſpace,
And with the world did limit their Empire;
While they with fire and ſword ſeek to ſuppreſs
Our doctrine, ſhall at laſt their fault confeſs,
And in their hearts imbrace the Chriſtian faith;
The *Eagle* then ſhall ſtoop unto your lure,
And for a time the Churches peace procure,
Till Schiſm and pride purſue the truth to death.

98

And now the time is come my words are true,
After ſo many bloody battels paſt,
The Standard of the Faith was ſpread at laſt,
And aid to Chriſt the Capitol ſubdue:
Mahomet an Antichriſt is now crept in,
Who calls himſelf a God, that man of ſin
Whom you foretold, the Church doth perſecute;
The whore of *Babylon* whoſe charming cup,
The Princes of the Earth have now drunk up
In ſuperſtition would her proſtitute.

99

O Lord thy ſaving Grace, and timely aid,
Which never fail when faith on thee relies,
Though thouſands arm'd againſt thy Church do riſe,
She is not of their power or hurt afraid;
Since it her beloved, ſhe's thy ſpotleſs bride,
And canſt no filthineſs in her abide;
Renew thy favours then her wrongs revenge,
That we her love to thee with heavenly heat,
And let thy boſom be her ſafe retreat,
Where ſtorms no more her happy calm can change.

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Almighty Jesus, Man's Redeemer God,
Though here my weakness in my verse appear,
Save my poor soul which thou hast bought so dear,
Sin and the flesh oppress me with their load,
Save me, O Lord! by thy all-saving grace,
And what my heart and hand here humbly trace,
Grant it may still my Meditation be;
Lord make thy Word the Law unto my will,
And to thy Glory consecrate my quill,
Untill my daies end in Eternity.

LAUS D